CANTERBURY TALES:

COMPOSED

For the Entertainment of All Ingenuous young Men and Maids at their merry Meetings, upon *Christmas*, *Easter*, *Whitsontide*, or any other time; especially in long Winter Evenings, to keep good Wits imply'd.

Intermixt with pleasant Stories, witty Jests, and delightful Songs, very proper for either City, Town or Country, with an Epistle Dedicated to the *Bakers*, *Smiths* and *Millers*.

By *Chaucer* Junior.

This may be Printed, R. P.

Printed for *F*, *Back* at the *Black Boy* near the Draw-Bridge on *London-Bridge*, 1687.

The Dedication to the Bakers, Smith Millers, and other Readers

YOU are presented here with a Chri Banquet of delightful Tales, pleas Stories, witty Jests, and merry Songs to vert the young Men and Maids when t come to the Bake-house, Forge or Mill; a by these you may encrease your Trade and t Customers to you: for be sure the merry La ses will go where they can be furnished wi Tales, Stories and Jests; therefore these a as necessary for you as a fair Wife for a h Tavern, a young Hostess for an old Inn, a a Gazet for a Coffee-House. It is fitted fo all manner of Persons, therefore I hope y will all furnish your selves with it; for it be a rare Companion for Old and Young in many Occasions; especially at Christmas, Easter, Whitsontide, or long Winter E venings over a Cup of Nut-brown-Ale and Lambs-wool. In a word, you will find it a comfortable as Matrimony, or as sweet as a Maiden-head at midnight, or a Sack-Posset at the latter end of a Fire, what would yo have more, the young Men and Maids ma laugh till their Lungs ake, and the old an melantholly, will find Dr. Merryman the bes Physitian.

Farewe

CANTERBURY Tales.

(1.)

A *Canterbury* Carrier, driving his Waggon a-long the Road, called at a Houſe to drink, knowing the Man's Wife to be very kind to her Gueſt; and that he might have the more opportunity for his deſign, acquainted her Husband that his Horſes was ve-ry warm with hard Travelling; deſired him to drive a little way while he refreſhed himſelf, and he would ſoon overtake him, and quit him of his Charge: to the which, the Inn-keeper gladily conſented. During which time, the Car-rier addreſſed himſelf to his loving Landlady, in more than ordinary manner, inſomuch, that there was nothing he required, but ſhe willingly conſented to. In the Interim, came by a Gen-tleman who deſigned to drink at the Inn: but perceiving at a Window, the Amorous paſſages between theſe luſty Lovers, reſolved as he could make no ſport, ſo to ſpoil none; rid on, and ſoon overtook the Inn-keeper, driving the Carriers Waggon, accoſted him thus: Friend, ſaid he, at ſuch an Inn, naming the Houſe where the Inn-keeper lived: I ſaw a Woman, deſcribing her to

him, and one I ſuppoſe to be a VVaggoner, ſo faſt linked in one anothers Arms, as if they intended never to be ſeparated. By my Faith, replyed the Landlord, 'tis my own Wife, but I'le be revenged of the Rogue; ſo driving the VVaggon to a deep ſlowy place, over-turns it, leaving the Horſes ſtuck faſt in the mire: returns homeward, meets the Carrier, who asked him where his Horſes and VVaggon was: O ſaid the Landlord, they are ſafe enough from running away, for in yonder Slow the VVaggon is over-turned, and your Horſes ſticking faſt in the mud: and what was your reaſon for that, ſays the Carrier? and what was your reaſon of your too much familiarity with my Wife, replyed the Inn-keeper? becauſe, ſays the other, ſweet opportunities are not to be let ſlip. Then anſwered the Landlord, ſweet Meat requires ſowre ſawce: ſo home he went, telling his Wife how cunningly he had been revenged of her Gallant.

(2.)

An unlucky Boy in *Canterbury*, got a great many a Rams-horns together in a Basket, went up and down the ſtreets in VVinter-time; crying, here's choice of new Fruit. At length, an ancient Gentleman, that was Husband to a Beautiful young VVife, ask'd to ſee them, which as ſoon as he had, he replyed, you fool, do you think I want Horns? no ſays the Boy, tho' you are provided yet I may meet with ſome body

at is not: at which ſeveral Spectators laught ſtily.

(3.)

A certain Shoemaker of *Canterbury*, by his extravagancy had waſted his whole ſtock; his Creditors coming faſt upon him, was obliged to pack up his St. *Hughs Bones*, and march off. Travelling towards *London*, near *Rocheſter* by the ſide of a Wood ſtood a Gentlemans Houſe, and hard by a couple of Turkies, who upon his approach, cryed out; Cobble, Cobble, Cobble, to which he made anſwer, 'twas a lye for it was well known he was a Shoemaker and no Cobler. Being terribly vext, obſerving the coaſt to be clear, he whips up one of the Turkies, clapping him under his Coat, and was a marching off; but conſidered he had as good take the other for Company, which he did: but the Gentleman, looking out of an obſcure Window, obſerved all the Paſſages, who coming down, followed the Shoemaker, and ſoon overtook him: Friend, ſaid he what buſineſs have you with that Turky? Sir, ſaid the other, he hath defamed me; calling of me Cobler, when 'tis well known I am a Shoemaker: but ſays the Gentleman what do you deſign with the other? why truly, Sir ſaid he, I take him along with me, to bear witneſs of my abuſe.

(4.)

A Young Man and Maid living in *Kent*, being in Love together, but Marriage deferr'd by their Friends, by reaſon of the inequality in the Mai-

dens Portion: they resolved to steal some private embraces, contrary to their Parents knowledge. And it fell out, they met together at *Canterbury*, that being a place pretty far from home and not much acquainted. There they took Lodgings at a certain Inn: but the Man having some small business in the City, fell into Company, and night approaching, the young Maid waiting with patience, and no Lover came, ten clock strikes, up stairs she goes, admiring to the House, that her pretended Husband did not come; desiring to have a little Sack Posset, thinking he might eat some after his Journey. That was made, brought up, and set on the Cupboards head with a Candle lighted, she being tyred, goes to Bed and there waits the happy hour, of her Lovers coming: Now you must understand, there comes a Bear-ward, that had been newly landed in the *Downs*, with three lusty Bears; which being late was plac'd in a Stable-Room, just under the floor where the Lovers was to enjoy themselves: but one of the Bears winding the Sack Posset, begins to roar, when scratching the wall and finding it yield, made a large hole just in the stair-case, gets through and up stairs he comes into the Chamber, where the Maid was then fallen asleep; the Bear mounting his two fore-feet on the Cubbord, to get to the Sack Posset his claws hung so in the Cubboard-cloath that he pulls down the Sack Posset, Candle and all, upon him: which noise awakened the young Maid,

who

ho thinking her Lover was come, ſtarted up a ſudden, but ſeeing a hairy thing all on fire the Bear was, by the Candles falling upon m: ſhe hid her ſelf under the Bed-cloaths, e Bear by rouling about, at length put out the re on his back, and falls to licking up the Poſſet; hich at length, ſo intoxicated his Brain, that eing diſpoſed to ſleep, he leaps on the bed, and ear lyes; the fright whereof, cauſed our young Woman to let fly behind. In the interim comes n her Lover, who aſcending the ſtairs, half flu-er'd, falls on the Bed, hugging the Bear inſtead of his ſweetheart; and begging her Pardon for his long ſtay: but he ſcented ſuch a ſmell of bak'd, boyl'd, ſtew'd and Roaſted, that he knew not what to think of it; calling out, my Dear, my Dear, why doeſt not ſpeak? when in the midſt of all this Freak, the Bearheard miſs'd his Bear, and looking for him, found the hole, where he had made his eſcape, comes up ſtairs with a lighted Torch, and three or four belonging to the Inn, diſcovered the whole intrigue, to the no ſmall ſhame of the two Amoretta's.

(5.)

At a Coffee-houſe in *Canterbury*, ſeveral Gentlemen were together; one was asking what news they heard from *London*, why reply'd, another, there was forty thouſand Men roſe yeſterday morning; which made them all to wonder, and ask if he knew for what, yes ſays he, only to goe to Bed when night came: which occaſion'd a great laughter.

In *Canterbury*, there was a Carpenter that had married a handsome young wife; and he had a Gentleman that had boarded with him, that pretended to study Astrology; but no otherwise than to gull the Husband and lye with his Wife, who had promised him that favour, if he could beguile the Carpenter. Now this Gentleman had a Rival, that had a months mind to have a lick at her Honey-pot, but she hated him and loved her Boarder. It happened that the Carpenter missed his Boarder upon a time, and searching about found him in a Cock-loft, looking up toward the Skie: what's the matter, quoth he? Oh says the Gentleman, I find by Astrology that on *Monday* next at quarter-night, there will fall such a Prodigious Rain that *Noah*'s Flood was not half so great; therefore get quickly three Bucking-Tubs that we may get into them, and tye them to the top of the Garret, that we may save our Lives: the Carpenter quak'd for fear, got three Tubs, and at night, he and his wife and the boarder, climb a Ladder and severally get in. After much sighing, the Carpenter falls asleep, and the Gentleman and the Landlady, merrily marches to to their intended business: but while they were at it, the Rival knocks at the door and entreats her to grant him a Kiss; now, said she to the Boarder, you shall laugh your fill: my Dearest, quoth she, come close to the window, and I will be with you immediately: the Rival wipes his

mouth

outh to receive the kiſs. At length, ſhe opens e VVindow, and deſires what he does to do ickly: now the night was very dark, and ſhe t about till ſhe found him, and to tell the Tale ther better nor worſe; he very ſavourly kiſs'd r bare Arſe. The Rival cruelly vext; got a d hot iron, and comes again, tell her he had ought her a Ring, provided ſhe would give m another kiſs; and the Boarder thinking to crease the ſport, places his Arſe out at the ſame indow; which his Rival did ſinge and burn, at he cried out, water, water, water; at which, e poor Carpenter thinking that *Noah's* Flood as come, ſtarts on a ſudden, out of the Bucking-ub, fell upon the floor, broke his noddle, be-ils'd his Breeches; and at length diſcovers all e intreague.

(7.)

A VVoman ſitting with Fiſh in *Canterbury* Market, would always have a ſaying to Men when they came to buy any thing: As a Man was cheapning her Fiſh, ſays ſhe to him, as you intend to have ſome of my Fiſh in your Belly, ſo I would fain have ſome of your Fleſh in my Belly; no ſays he, I can't ſpare my Fleſh to ſuch an ugly Puſs as you: No, no, reply'd ſhe, I did not mean as you mean, I mean your noſe in my Arſe.

(8.)

A Gentleman living at *Canterbury*, having a Son, who was none of the Off-ſpring of *Solomon*, his

his name being *William*; used to frequent a Farmers House, near the City; was very freely received in respect of his Parents, or rather, nonsensicall Figaries. One day above the rest; it happened that honest *Will.* coming to the Farmers, and he being all alone at home, though to have some Pastime with the Fool proposes to have *Will.* play at Blind-mans-buff: Lots being drawn who should be first blinded, it happened to the Farmer, whereupon *Will.* eyes a Napkin fast over his eyes, so that he might not see. In the mean time, the Fool capers about the Room, and the Farmer as fast after him to catch him: but whilst they were traversing the Kitchin; the Fool espies several Hogs-puddings hanging in the Chimney, and having a mind to them, he cryes out, You see, you see: no faith *Will* I don't, replyed the Farmer, drawing the Napkin more over his Eyes; in which time the Fool Whips down half a score Links of Puddings out of the Chimney, and the Door standing open, away he trips with them; and the Farmer, in the mean time, calling out *Will*, where art thou; I peak? but having no answer, pulls off the Napkin, and finding what had happened, and the Fool gone; horridly vext, unties his House-dog, which in the day-time, was always chained up; sends him eagerly after honest *Will*: but when he came near the Fool, he cryed out. Oh poor Dog don't meddle with poor *Will.* throwing down a Pudding, which while the Dog devouring, he got about

about twenty yards in ground; and so held him play till he got to his Father's House: where acting the whole story to all the Family, caused a great deal of Mirth, which the Farmer hearing of; was so ashamed, in being out-witted by a Fool: that for a twelvemonth after, he would not come to the Gentleman's House. But at length by much solliciting, and that the Gentleman would promise that his Son should say nothing, he came to Dinner: but in the midst, before a great Company that was there, the Fool cryed out to the Farmer, calling him by his name. Remember the Pudding, Remember the Pudding; which so abash'd the Farmer, that he immediately rises up from Dinner, and went away, and never would come to the House again.

(9.)

A certain Gentleman formerly of *Canterbury*, a little before his death, made his Will, and bequeath'd a considerable Portion to a Niece; leaving his own Brother as her Guardian, and the young Gentlewoman being near at Age: this Covetous old Man fearing she would marry and the Estate go from him. By the instigation of the Devil, resolves upon her Destruction; the night was come, where this Guardian purposed to put his horrid Design in Execution: Himself with two or three more in the dead time of the night, beset her House; when behold Providence had allotted a far better success to this Vertuous and Religious Gentlewoman; for the

the ſame Evening, a Gentleman be-lated on the Road, implores her favour for a nights Lodging; which ſhe granted him, in conſideration it was ſome diſtance from *Canterbury*, and no Village nearer and the night proving very dark and rainy; and he a ſtranger. All being a-bed this wicked Guardian with his damn'd Accomplices, offers to break into the Houſe; which the young Lady hearing, runs to this ſtrange Gentleman's Chamber begging her life of him, thinking he belonged to thoſe without: but he proteſted by all that is Sacred, he knew nothing of them but would ſpend the laſt drop of blood he had in her Defence. In order, to which he deſcended the ſtairs into the yard, where thoſe Villains were breaking in, and diſcharged his Piſtol, which happily ſhot one in the head; who falling ſo diſcouraged the reſt, that they betook themſelves to flight, leaving the dead Body in the place, who in the morning was found to be the Ladies Uncle and Guardian. Which Villany being thus diſcovered cauſed the Lady to reſpect the Gentleman, who was a younger Brother of a good Family, and of a ſmall Eſtate: but for his Generous venturing his Life, in her defence, ſo valiantly. She in a ſhort time, made him her Husband and Maſter of a plentiful Eſtate; living together in great Love and proſperity enjoying that which was ſo wickedly aimed at, by that Monſter of a Man, her curſed Uncle.

(10.)

Some Company being at a Tavern in *Canterbury* a drinking, one requested another to pledge him, but he refused; saying, he resolved to leave off drinking, because it made him have a short Memory; which occasioned the other to laugh and reply that he would drink on still, for it made him have a long Memory: for since said he, I have us'd to drink hard, I am a twelve month in remembring that I could a called to mind in a moment before, so I think I have a long Memory.

(11.)

A Beautiful young Gentlewoman of *Canterbury*, being wedded to an old Man in respect of his Riches, he being as full of Ice, as she of Fire, had a mind to try the difference between young and old Flesh, shewed some Kindness more than ordinary to her Serving-man; which he perceiving, lays hold of all Opportunities to address himself to her by way of Love; but she would not yield to his Desire, unless he would contrive some way to cornute her Husband in his presence and he not to believe it, this caused the Serving-man to stretch his Invention upon the Rack, who at last acquainted his Mistress that he had found an Experiment to do it, provided she would when her Husband and she was a walking in the Garden, pretend to Long for some Fruit on some of the highest Trees, and to leave to him the management of the rest, which accordingly she did: The old Man calling his Man to ascend the

Tree

Tree to gather the Fruit; which, as ſoon as he had got up, cryed out with a loud Voice, Maſter, Maſter, leave off for ſhame, I never in all my life ſee ſo unſeemly an Action, for ſhame diſengage your ſelf from my Miſtreſs, or elſe ſome of the Neighbours will ſee you: the old Man amazed at this Language, asked if the Fellow was mad, and what he meant? O Sir, ſaid the Man, the Tree is either bewitched, or elſe I cannot believe mine own Eyes; for I fancy I ſee you upon my Miſtreſs. Come down, come down, and let me get up the Tree to know if it ſeems ſo to me; the Fellow comes down and the old Man gets up: in the Interim, the young Fellow fell to work with his Miſtreſs, but old Man looks down and ſees it, cries out, in good Faith ſays he, it ſeems to me juſt as it did to you, for methinks I ſee you upon your Miſtreſs as perfectly as if it was really ſo: the old Man gets down and thinks the Tree bewitched; orders preſently to be cut down, for fear it ſhould infect the reſt. Thus was the old Man made a Cuckold to his own Face and would not believe it.

(12)

A Tinker going through *Canterbury*, ſounded briskly on his Kettle, crying have you any work for a Tinker; upon which, a certain Shop-keeper living over-againſt the Pillory, ſtanding at his Door, was minded to put a Jeſt upon the Tinker; bid him ſtop thoſe two holes, pointing to

the Pillory, to whom the Tinker said, Sir, if you please to lend me your Head and Ears, I will find a Hammer and Nails and give you my Labour into the Bargain.

(13)

A young Man of *Canterbury*, by his Extravagancy had spent all his Estate, and keeping ill Company accustomed himself to get Mony by unlawful ways: one Morning going to the Cathedral to Prayers, more to see if he could meet with a Booty than any Intention of Goodness: he happens to meet with a Country Farmer who had a heavy purse of Mony in his Pocket, which he perceived, watched an Opportunity, soon made it his own, and marching off with it; met at the Cathedral door two or three of his boon Companions, whom he made acquainted of his being fuller of Mony than ordinary, and invited them to a Tavern not far off, promising to treat them: Prayers ending, and and the Mony miss'd, caused the Looser to make inquiry after it, which one hearing, remembred the Passages of our Sparks at the door, and acquainted him of it; advising him to take an Officer and search them at the Tavern, and he need not question finding his Mony: which Advice he took, when coming where the Company were, and charging them stoutly with it. Our Sharper inquired the Marks of the Purse and what Sum was in it, pretending he found it; to which the Farmer answered, just 5 *l.* at which he said it was so, but

he had ſpent 5 s. and the reſt he was willing to
turn, but the Looſer would have his whole Sum
or elſe he would have him before a Magiſtrate
which our youngſter perceiving, and the Mo
lay upon the Table, he whips it into his Pocke
again, ſo makes his Eſcape being followed by the
Officer, he had not run far, but an Aſs ſtood
his way, our Offender taking hold of his Ta
pulled it off, when running on, he hap'ned to r
over a woman big with Child, upon which m
carried; ſtill running on he run againſt a Ladder
that a Plaiſterer was at work on, and flung the
Plaiſterer on the Officer who had his Arm broke
ſeeing theſe Miſchiefs hap'ning, and fearing to
commit more, he ſuffer'd himſelf to be taken and
carri'd before a Juſtice: The Farmer made a
Complaint for the loſs of his 5. l. the Man for the
loſs of his Aſſes Tail, the womans Husband for
the loſs of his Child, and the Officer for his bro-
ken Arm; all which Complaints deliver'd againſt
the Delinquent, and ſeriouſly weighed by the Ma-
giſtrate, he conſider'd the Retaliation was the
beſt method he could uſe; therefore he order'd
that ſince the Looſer would not abate the 5 s
ſpent, the Offender ſhould keep it till he could
make up the whole Sum, and then deliver it: A
for the Man whoſe Aſſes tail he had pulled off, th
Offender ſhould take and keep the Aſs and make
uſe of him, till ſuch time as his Tail was grown a-
gain, and then deliver it to the owner: and for
the Woman who miſcarry'd, the Offender ſhould
take

take and keep and lye with, till ſuch time ſhe was as forward with Child, as when ſhe miſcar-ri'd, and then to deliver her to her Husband; and laſtly, for the Officer whoſe Arm was broke, he was order'd to aſcend the Ladder, and the Delinquent to ſtand under it, that the Plaiſterer might run againſt it, and fling it down, that the Officer might fall upon the Offender and break his Arm as the others was before; thus was the Order of the Magiſtrate, which was put in Execution, but I leave the Readers to imagine.

(14.)

A handſome young Maid that waited upon a Phyſitian's Wife in *Canterbury*, had a young Man addreſſed himſelf to her, in hopes of gaining her Love; and as ſhe was but a Servant, his Viſits was chiefly a nights after the reſt of the Family was in Bed: now it hap'ned one night, the young Man was not very well, and the Maid out of her tender Love, would go into her Miſtreſſes Room where his Phyſick was, and fetcht him ſome thing that was good, but he going a-long with her, would be taſting ſeveral things, till at laſt he took a Doſe of *Opium*: now they being both returned into the former Room, ſitting very lovingly kiſſing and expreſſing their Affections after a little time of ſilence, the Maid finds her Lover fallen a ſleep, jogs him, but could not wake him, miſtruſts what he had taken, did not know what to do; but to prevent a diſcovery, puts him into a Cheſt that was in the Room, thinking he might

come to himself by morning, she goes to bed, and falls a sleep being pretty late, soon after a parcel of Thieves beset the House, all being fast a sleep breaks in, binds all the Family, taking a great deal of Mony, Plate and Linen, ties it up in a Blanket and carrying it off, the Blanket rent in the outer Room, and all their Booty fell about: they seeing the Chest, opens it, and being deep, sees nothing at the bottom. In they put the Linen, Plate and Mony, and away they carry it to one of their homes, which was not far off; morning comes, the robbing was noised all about the City, and search was made, but no discovery; the Rogues having not time to divide the Spoil, set it in one of their bed-chambers, now next morning our young Lover awakes, struggles and gets out of the Chest, the woman being only in bed was frighted; out she gets, down stairs she runs in her smock crying out murder, murder, murder, which the Neighbors hearing, runs to see what was the matter, discourses the whole business; and upon further Examination, our young Lovers private Enjoyments was publickly known, the Robbery made very plain, and the Actors of it seized, sent to Prison, and afterwards Try'd, Cast and Executed for the same.

15.

A married Gentleman coming through *Canterbury*, his Horse threw him, which a young Gentlewoman seeing, fell a laughing; the Man being terribly vext that she should laugh at his fall

ſill, angerly ſaid, Madam, pray admire not at his, for my Horſe always ſtumbles when he meets a Whore; ſhe ſharply reply'd, have a care then Sir, you do not meet your Wife, for then you will certainly break your neck.

(16.)

A Gentleman living at *Canterbury*, being to go to *London*, and having no opportunity of returning a great ſum of Mony which he ſhould have occaſion for, takes it in Gold, and ſows it up in the waſt-band of his Man's Breeches, who was a good luſty Fellow, but a great Coward; fearing he might meet with ſome oppoſition upon the Road, and that he ſhould be ſoundly beat if the Gold was not diſcover'd, and no Mony found about them: he puts 5 s. in his own Pocket, and gave his Man 20 s. in his, as it was always his Cuſtom to order his Man to pay upon the Road, and give him an Account. Now it hap'ned, when they were in a lone place, of a ſudden ſtarted out of a Wood three Men well mounted, two laying hold of the Gentleman's horſes Bridle, and one of the Mans, with their Piſtols cockt, commanding them to ſtand; the Gentleman deſired them to be civil, but however they was earneſt for Mony; the Gentleman told them he had no more than to bear their Charges to *London*, putting his hand into his Pocket, gave them what he had, and they going to the Man to ſee what he had; the Gentleman calls to him by his Name, bidding him give the Gentle-

men his Money. which the Fellow putting his hand in his Pocket gave it them, and they going away; but the Fellow crying out aloud to his Master, who was a little distance from him, must I give them the Gold Master? which they immediately hearing, return'd, searched him, and took it away: The Gentleman horridly vext, sed little, but before they went away, desired that they would pleasure him in one thing, and he should acknowledge it a Favor, that was to take his Man and thrash him stoutly; they being all alighted, belabour'd him to the purpose: in the mean time, their Horses grasing about, was not very near; the Fellow feeling the dry Blows, in a Rage draws his Hanger which he had by his side, furiously lays about him; kills two upon the spot, disables the other, taking the Mony back again, with some from the Rogues, which his Master let him have for his pains, though blaming him for his great simplicity in speaking of the Gold.

merry Song fit to be sung at Christmas.
The Tune, Oh Mother *Roger*.

(1.)

NOw, now this happy *Christmas* Season,
I present you with Delight;
ce it is no more than Reason,
For to pass away each Night:
ere is many a pleasant Tale,
Whilst you drink your nappy Ale,
nd in Merriment abound,
ere is Pastime to be found:
Then take my word, for it is True,
'Tis full of Mirth and Laughter too.

(2.)

or when we are all met together,
It will very well appear,
To forget the Winter weather,
Let us tast your dainty Cheer;
Minced Pye, with Rosted Beef,
This will soon afford Relief:
Christmas comes but once a Year,
Therefore let it now appear,
That *Christmas* shall receive its due,
In Feasting, Mirth and Laughter too.

(3.)

I pray let me come to the Table
Mistress Goose shall not go free,
I am Sturdy, Stout and and Able,
I will make her yield to me;

Though she be both Stout and Brave,
Either Leg or Wing I'll have,
Fearing not her Spice nor Salt,
Since we have the Juice of Malt;
I never fear, but to subdue
The force of Pig and Capen too.

(4.)

Then further for our Recreation,
Men and Maids at Cards may play,
Sure there needs no Disputation,
For this same we freely may;
Reason will not this refuse,
So we do not this Abuse;
Then we may Enjoy Content,
All the days of Merriment,
In telling many a pleasant Jest,
Which is for Merriment Expresst.

A pleasant Song to be sung at Easter
The Tune, King *James*'s Jigg.

(1.)

NOw, now the bleak Gales of Winter is past,
The Spring is returning with *Flora* at last,
Each green Hill with Primrose & Violets is sprad,
The tender young Branches now hold up their Heads,
Whereon the sweet Birds their Anthems will sing
which makes all the Groves & the Valleys to ring
Oh this is the Triumph they make in the Spring
Now this to each Maiden much Pleasure doth bring.

Now

ow *Easter* with holy Days here are come on,
And *Robin* takes *Susan*, and *William* takes *Nan*;
r their Recreation a Walk they do take,
And give them stew'd Pruons with Custord and
Cake:
d while they do thus in the Blessings appear,
hat *Robin* is Kissing and Courting his Dear,
d giving her Cheesecakes and choice of good
Cheer,
weet *Susan* could wish it would last all the Year.

(3.)

Quoth *William* to *Nancy* pray let me prevail,
To have your admittance to tell you a Tale,
'Tis to make us merry, and pass away time
Quoth *Nancy* begin then, I count it no Crime:
Then merrily passing the Hours away,
With *Susan* and *Nancy* both Bonny and Gay,
But Night soon approaching no longer they stay,
But promise to meet them again on *May* Day.

A delightful Song in honor of Whitsontide.

The Tune, Caper and Jirk it.

(1.)

NOw *Whitson-Holy-days* they are come,
Each Lass enjoys her Mate,
The youthful Gallants both all and some,
Their Love they do Relate
To be Intire, both Chast and Pure,
With many sweet words beside,
Then strait they advance, and call for a Dance,
For the Honour of *Whitsontide*.

Sweet

Sweet William he taking jumping *Tom*,
They dance a Turn or two,
Whilſt *Sarah* ſhe ſighing makes ſad Moan,
She knew not what to do:
But after this to Stool-Ball play.
And many fine Games beſide,
From morning till night they take their Delight
For the Honour of *Whitſontide*.

(3.)

It is a moſt gallant ſight to ſee,
The Damſels how they Trip
A-long the Green with a merry Glee,
Sometimes her Foot doth ſlip,
But yet they valley it not a Ruſh,
In ſport they will abide;
The Bells they will ring, and the Maidens will ſing
For the Honour of *Whitſontide*.

(4.)

Now when this Pleaſure is at an end,
And night approaching near,
Then every young Man takes his Friend,
Whom he eſteemed dear:
And down they ſit beneath a Tree,
Tell many a Tale beſide,
With many a Kiſs, no hurt is in this,
For the Honour of *Whitſontide*.

FINIS.

Mother *BUNCH's*

CLOSET

newly broke open.

Wherein is discovered many Rare Secrets of

ART & NATURE;

Tryed and Experienced by Learned Philosophers, and recommended to all ingenious Young-Men and Maids.

Teaching Young-Men (in a natural way) how to get *Good Wifes*, & Maids *Good Husbands*. Experimented by ancient Authors, as, *viz. The manner of St.* Agnes *Fast*, *the* 21st. *of January. The washing the Smock on* Midsummer *Eve. The sowing of Hempseed. The Dutch Cake.* Teaching them how in sleep and Dreams to see and know them perfectly.

No harm at all is in this set,
But teaching Maids Husbands to get,
And also young Men of each degree,
Turn o're the Leaf and you may see
What there is writ in merriment,
Hoping to give you all content.

By your Loving Friend poor *Tom* for the King a Lover of Mirth, but a Hater of Traytors and Treason. *T. R.*

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